

Laughs Make You Live Longer--Here's a Page of Lite

Just Folks

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STRANGERS

Strangers very often greet you
Just as though they're glad to meet you;
Smile the way the homefolk do;
Shake your hand and talk to you;
Now and then they'll walk beside you,
In a friendly way they'll guide you,
But they've passed along the way
At the ending of the day.

Each of us who plays the ranger
Is to all he meets a stranger,
But the cheery voice and smile
Vanish in a little while;
And although kind hands assist us,
As a stranger they shall list us,
We have met and gone our way,
Travelers of a summer day.

Favors many they will show us,
But they never come to know us,
And they're different from the few
Good old loyal friends and true
Who have known us through the years,
Shared our laughter and our tears;
Bright the smile and kind the deed,
But it's friendship that we need.

Though ten thousand strangers cheer us,
Wait upon us and stand near us,
Smile and comfort and are kind,
Still the old friends left behind
Will be calling day by day,
And along the dusty way
We shall yearn where'er we roam
For the smiles of those at home.

Kind though strangers are and cheery,
Of them all we soon grow weary
And our steps we would retrace
To the old, familiar place
Where the smiles and all their brightness
Are not merely men's politeness,
It's upon the old-time friends
That our happiness depends.

Ye TOWNE GOSSIP

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By K. C. B.

I HAVE a room.

IN WHICH I work.

AND THAT used to be

WHEN SOMEBODY else

LIVED IN the house.

A BREAKFAST room.

AND THE kitchen opens

RIGHT INTO the room.

AND SITTING here.

AND SEEKING themes.

I CAN hear the sounds

OF PREPARING meals.

AND I'VE gotten so.

THAT I can tell.

JUST FROM the sounds.

WHAT WE'RE going to

AND JUST this morn'g.

AS I'M writing this.

I'M VERY much worried.

AND WHAT it's about.

IS A month ago.

A FRIEND of his.

TOLD OUR boy Karl.

WHO IS a Korean.

AND A very good boy.

ABOUT FLOATING Island.

AND HOW to make it.

AND SO he made it.

AND IT was good.

AND I praised it much.

AND EVER since then.

HE'S BEEN making it.

THREE TIMES a week.

AND I'VE gotten so.

I SOMETIMES hope.

HE'D MAKE enough.

SO I might take him.

AND DROWN him in it.

AND HE'S making it now.

AND IN a minute.

HE'LL BE beating eggs

TO MAKE the islands.

THAT FLOAT around.

IN THE yellow goo.

AND THEN he'll take it.

AND PUT it away.

ON A nice, cool shelf.

AND I'M going to see it.

WHEN I go out.

TO GET the hose.

AND JUST looking at it.

WILL MAKE me sick.

AND I can't understand.

HOW I ever thought

THAT THE rotten stuff

WAS ANY good.



I THANK you.

Breakfast Table Wit.

The lady Douglass called gracefully down the lawn, her prize Pekingese in tow. She released her little darling and turned to some flowers. Glancing up she was horrified to see "Yum-Yum" squeezing through a narrow space in the wrought iron fence and escaping into the street beyond.

"Help! Police," she shouted, waving her arms above her head. Just then the grinning face of an Italian gardener appeared. Under his arm was the "Pek."

"Oh, Tony!" she exclaimed, "can't you suggest anything that I can do to prevent Yum-Yum from getting through the fence?"

Tony thought for a minute and finally broke forth with, "Why, you no getta da bigga dog?"

of a century and one one plantation.

"She nuff hit is, boss--and 'pears lak dose here years is a travelling 'round a hoop porter dan day user."

"That's what's on my mind, Tony, and in the course of events we can't expect to remain here much longer--so I've been thinking seriously, Tony--seriously--about the grave and the hereafter."

"Wat's dat, boss?"

"Well, I want to make a bargain with you, Tony, a solemn bargain, to this effect. Whichever one goes first, he will come back from the spirit world and tell the other one just what it looks like over there."

"It's a bargain, sah. Dat suits me a-brackly. But" (reflectively)--

"but, Marse Davy, if you goes first, won't you come back in de day time?"

Embarrassed.

Brown--Black, you appear embarrassed; hga your little boy been asking you questions?

Black--No, my wife has.

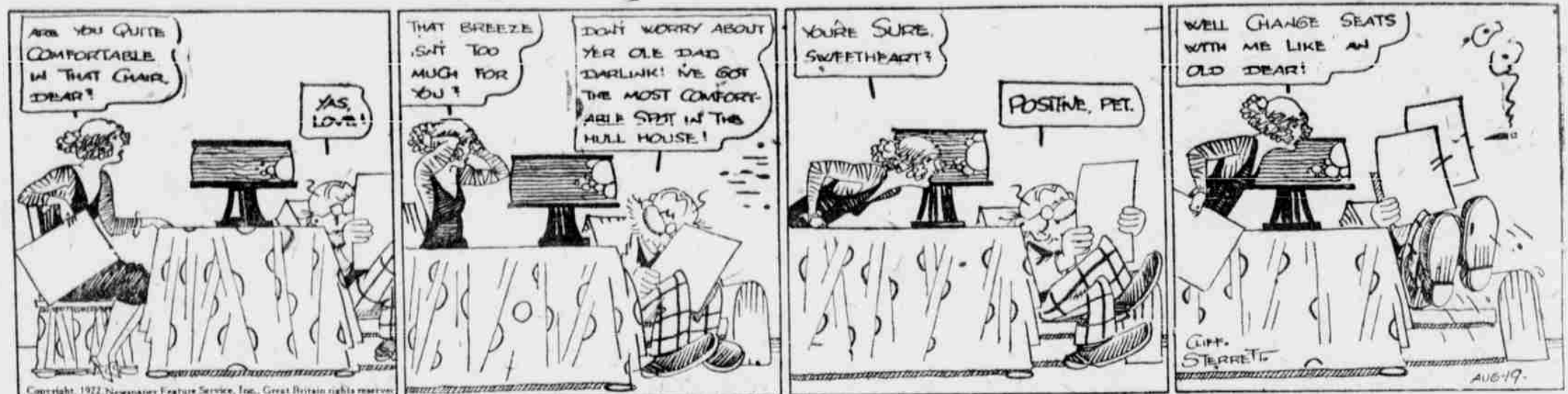
MUTT & JEFF--The Little Fellow Flashes a Bit of Class.

By BUD FISHER



POLLY AND HER PALS--Pa's Too Comfortable for Polly's Comfort

By CLIFF STERRETT



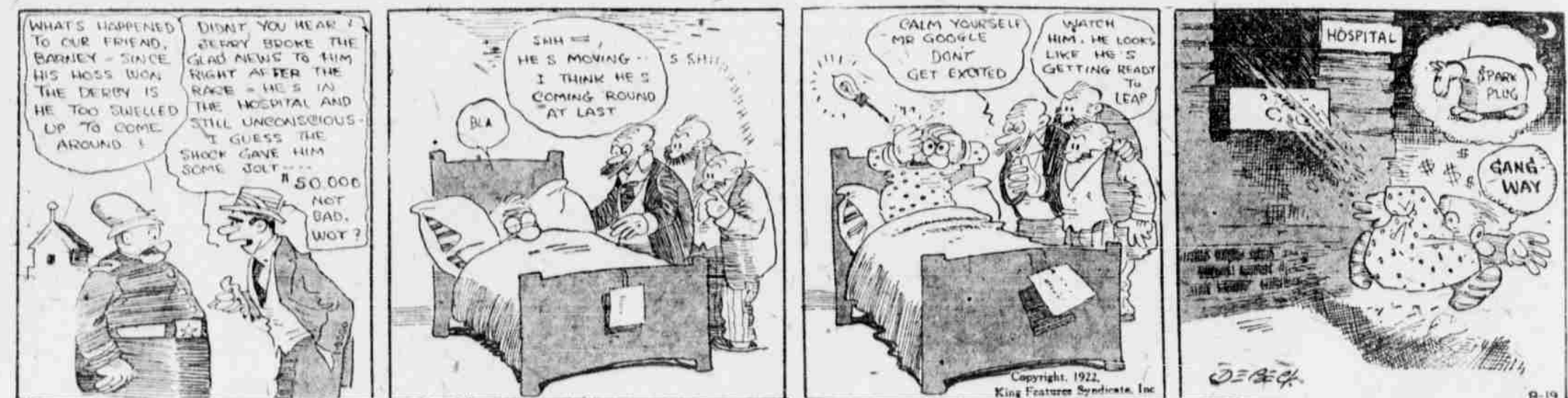
CASEY THE COP--He's the Go-Gettun Kid!!

By H. M. TALBURT



BARNEY GOOGLE--Barney Comes Around--And He Goes Too

By BILLY DE BECK



THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER--Synchronize This on Your Sarussaphone.

By AL. POSEN

